Come heere to day?
Salerio. My Lord, heere stayes without
a messenger with letters from the Doctor,
new come from Padua?
Duke. Bring vs the letters? call the Messenger?
Bass. Good cheere *Anthonio*? what man, courage yet:
The Iew shall haue my flesh, blood, bones and all,
ere thou shalt loose for me one drop of blood?
Antho. *I* am a tainted vveather of the flocke,
meetest for death, the weakest kind of fruite
drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be imployd *Bassanio*,
then to liue still and write mine Epitaph?

Enter Nerrissa.

Duke. Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?
Ner. From both? my L. *Bellario* greetes your grace?
Bass. Why doost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Iewe. To cut the forfaiture from that bankrout there?
Gratia. Not on thy soule: but on thy soule harsh Iew
thou makst thy knife keene: but no mettell can,
no, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keenenesse
of thy sharpe enuie: can no prayers pearce thee?
Iewe. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Gratia. O be thou damnd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let iustice be accusd;
Thou almost mak'st me wauer in my faith,
to hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
that soules of Animalls infuse themselues
into the trunks of men: Thy currish spirit
gouernd a Woolfe, who hangd for humaine slaughter
euen from the gallowes did his fell soule fleete,
and whilest thou layest in thy vnhallowed dam;
infusd it selfe in thee: for thy desires
are vvoluish, bloody, staru'd, and rauenous.
Iewe. Till thou canst raile the seale from off my bond,
Thou but offendst thy lungs to speake so loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall

to cureless ruine. I stand heere for law.
Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
a young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by
to know your aunswer whether youle admit him.
Duke. With all my hart: some three or foure of you
goe giue him curteous conduct to this place,
meane time the Court shall heare *Bellarios* letter.

Your Grace shall vnderstand, that at the receit of your letter I am very sicke, but in the instant that your messenger came, in louing visitation was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is *Balthazer*: *I* acquainted him with the cause in cõtrouersie between the *Iew* and *Anthonio* the Merchant, wee turnd ore many bookes together, hee is furnished with my opinion, which bettered vvith his owne learning, the greatnes whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunitie, to fill vp your graces request in my stead. *I* beseech you let his lacke of yeeres be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend estimation, for *I* neuer knew so young a body with so olde a head: I leaue him to your gracious acceptance, whose tryall shall better publish his commendation.

Enter *Portia* for *Balthazer*.

Duke. You heare the learnd *Bellario* what he writes,
and heere I take it is the doctor come.
Giue me your hand, come you from old *Bellario*?
Portia. *I* did my Lord.
Duke. You are welcome, take your place:
are you acquainted with the difference
that holds this present question in the Court.
Por. *I* am enformed throughly of the cause,
vvhich is the Merchant here? and which the *Iew*?
Duke. *Anthonio* and old *Shylocke*, both stand forth.
Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?
Iew. *Shylocke* is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is the sute you follow,
yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22296) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.11) Octavo